

Rear Windows by xSpookyxSpicex

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-02-25

Updated: 2018-02-25

Packaged: 2022-04-21 15:14:05

Rating: Mature

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 562

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

While trying to help the boys sneak a grounded Max out of her house, Steve stumbles on something that he really shouldn't be seeing.

Rear Windows

Inspired by [this](#) post. Thank you to all the lovely tumblebugs who encouraged me to write this.

Years from now, Steve told himself. I will look back on this moment in my life and laugh hysterically over how dumb I am for agreeing to this.

“Are you guys *sure* this is Max’s room?” he asked the boys below for the umpteenth time. He tried to keep his voice down, but all that came out of his mouth were gasping noises that just barely resembled words.

“Positive,” Dustin hissed. “Now just knock on her window, get her the hell out of there, and let’s go! Hop’s waiting!”

As Dustin waited by the sides of a shaking Will and a restless Lucas, Mike and El were on the lookout. If anyone other than Max had found them, they were dead. Steve shook his head at every last one of them.

Why did I agree to this again? he asked himself. *If I knew that becoming a babysitter to a group of nerdy tweens would involve bailing out a grounded girl out for a D&D-game-turned-life-or-death situation, I’d sooner rethink Harvard.*

Finally, he had found a bedroom window. What he saw through it, however, made his stomach jolt. His body had suddenly gone stiff, his eyes opened wide, and his mouth fell agape. It wasn’t the room itself that rendered him frozen. It wasn’t the mess of books on the floor or the dozen posters of rock stars and porn stars covering the walls. It wasn’t even the fact that the room clearly was not Max’s. It was the teenaged boy jerking off in his bed.

Billy Hargrove was half-naked on his bed with a cigarette in his mouth, an open book in one hand, and his hard cock in the other. His jeans were half-way down his legs and his shirt was open, revealing his stern body and pinched nipples. The book that he was holding wasn’t a porn magazine or erotic novel, but their school yearbook.

Billy kept his eye on the page and pumped his dick like his life depended on it. Steve could only guess that the image he was touching himself to was of someone more specific than any porn star. As he took a closer look at the young rebel's face, he did his best to read the name on his lips, but could only make out the occasional "please" and "fuck me."

Just as Billy began to quicken his pace, something made him jump and scramble to his feet. As he fumbled to button himself up, the yearbook had fallen to the ground, revealing the yearly pictures of the school boy's sports teams.

Including their basketball team.

Billy's bedroom door swung open. Steve dove under the windowsill before he could see the shape of the man opening it. As he lay crouched down, all he could hear were muffled voices rising with each and every inaudible word. What sounded like an argument climaxed with a hard thud against the wall. Steve recognized the last painful cry as Billy's.

He held his breath until he heard the door slam shut.

"Shit," he cursed, half for the mess he was in, half for what he had just seen, and all for the boner he felt growing in his pants.

"What is it?" he heard Dustin buzzing from below.

"Wrong window."